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to your room and compose yourself."

"I shall."
"Very well. Now begin. I am listening most attentively."
He laid his hand upon her arm.
"Diana, it is something serious."
"Nothing bad—in it?" she asked, in sudden alarm.
"Something that must be said," he answered.

She drew her chair nearer to where he was sitting; and, leaning slightly forward, fixed on him a steadfast gaze. All Jasper's reasoning of the previous day rose to remembrance. It was an omen of evil that her lover had been communing so long with Jasper, and that Jasper had shown so unwillingness for him to come to her—may, had even sent him. Yet, surely, John Carteret knew that she had nothing to expect from the Seaton's? He must know it. Whiter and whiter grew her face, as she waited for John Carteret to speak.

Apparently he had some difficulty in doing so; for he more than once half began, and then paused. At last, he said—
"Diana, I have done wrong. A poor man, like myself, with years of hard work before him, and only poverty to offer, had no right to ask you to be his wife. You know nothing of the world, and you do not know how bitter a thing poverty is. When I reflect, it seems to me almost cowardly to have done as I have done; but I lost sight of it in my happiness. I gilded the future with imaginary gold, and hope made me believe that I could conquer impossibilities. But in the last few days my eyes have been opened, and I see that I had no right to offer you such a lot as mine. I might turn aside from the path I have chosen to one more hazardous; but I cannot do it. There is a voice crying that I cannot silence; I dare not turn away, unheeding."

He paused for a moment, but Diana did not answer. She came still nearer, as though she feared to lose one word that he was speaking.

"Di, I scarcely know how to say it, but it seems to me right that I should release you from this engagement. You are little more than a child, and yet the best years of your life may pass away before I have a home to offer you. I ought not to bind you by a promise to me. It is scarcely the act of an honorable man."

And again he paused. But Diana sat speechless, waiting to hear the end—her eyes dilated with a dreamy terror, and her lips quivering with intense emotion; but still she remained motionless, a listening statue, that scarcely seemed to breathe.

John Carteret went on.

"I have talked over everything with Mr. Seaton, and—"

But as Jasper's name, a shiver of life agitated the silent statue, the color flooded the face, the light leaped into the eyes. Diana sprang up, and stood before John Carteret—almost defiantly.

"And now you are speaking Jasper's words, and not your own," she said. "He has been persuading you, as he would have persuaded me. He has no doubt told you of, has urged upon you the folly of our engagement, until you have come to see it as clearly as he does. How dare you repeat his words to me?"

Yet, even as she spoke, the flush faded away, and the fear returned; for might it not be even as Jasper had said?

"You do Mr. Seaton injustice. He urged nothing upon me. He, perhaps, may view the matter in as strong a light as you have represented; but, in actual words, he merely agreed with me."

Diana's heart grew faint. She grasped the back of the chair near which she was standing. How could John Carteret speak so calmly, so impersonally, if he cared about her as she had thought he did?

"John!"

So strangely unlike her usual voice, that John Carteret looked at her in alarm.

"Di, my darling, what is it?" And he would have put his arm round her. But she shrank away from him, and in the same low, hoarse voice, asked—

"Is it true?"

"Is what true?" And he drew nearer, in spite of the hand that waved him away.

"That you mind about—about—"

She was going to say "money," but it seemed so ridiculous a thought in connection with John Carteret; therefore she changed her sentence—"that you mind poverty very much? I thought you knew that I had nothing—that there is no one to give me anything. I thought that you were quite sure of it, John, that I had, and should have, nothing."

The quick color rose in John Carteret's face. Had the same insinuation been suggested to Diana also? And the dislike and jealousy of Jasper Seaton, that had been smoothed away during their late interview, began to return. For Jasper had exhorted himself to be—as he could when he chose—everything that was agreeable. He had exerted his powers of fascination; and John Carteret left him feeling that he had too lightly suffered himself to be prejudiced against Di's guardian.

"Is it because I am so poor that you have spoken those untrue words?" she continued, without awaiting a reply to her speech.

"You would not be poor Diana. Mr. Seaton told me that he intended to settle three hundred a year upon you if you married."

"Jasper!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! How extraordinary!"

And then she recalled Jasper's request of the previous night. After all, he was proving himself her friend; and it was her capricious, ungovernable temper that always stood in the way.

Mr. Seaton knew that, under present circumstances, it would be impossible for us to marry; and he proposed this as a solution of the difficulty. He mentioned being under obligations in his boyhood to your father, and that he should feel this an opportunity of gratefully repaying the debt."

Diana stood as one stunned. It was perfectly incomprehensible; and, in her bewilderment, she almost forgot what John Carteret had been saying. What could have induced Jasper to utter his determination so suddenly? Then she remembered the paper he had snatched away, with her name written upon it. Could that have anything to do with it? Could some loving request from his sister have caused him to act in this unexpected manner?

"I did not think Jasper was so good," she said, though she could not emerge from the perplexing cloud that enveloped her. "Three hundred a year is a great deal. It would be enough to live upon, even if you had nothing at all. Jasper has always been very kind."

Again a sharp twinge passed through John Carteret.

"Mr. Seaton is doubtless very good," he answered, a little coldly; "but his very goodness has opened my eyes, and shown me clearly the position in which I am placed. I cannot accept this money from him."

"But he is not going to give it to you—only to me. You do not mind that?"

"He gives it to you solely in the event of our marriage—in consideration," he said, hotly, "of our having little or nothing to live upon."

He put the case clearly, and in its most humiliating form—very different, indeed, from the kindly manner in which Jasper Seaton had introduced the idea.

"And," he continued, "I cannot accept it. No honorable man would consent to live upon another's wealth."

"I shouldn't mind taking it from Jasper in the least," returned Diana. "He has already more money than he knows what to do with; and now he has all Madame de Moulins's as well—or, at any rate, the greater part of it. And very likely he thinks that Madame de Moulins would have been glad for him to give me some of it. I am almost certain that that was what he was thinking of when he proposed it."

"Nevertheless, it is Mr. Seaton's money, to all intents and purposes, and as such I must look upon it."

"Well, then, do not take it. But, John," she said, and she shivered involuntarily, as all her doubts and fears began to return, "what has this to do with—what you seemed to wish—with those words that you did not say from your heart—did you, John?"

John Carteret drew her nearer to him.

"Di, I cannot marry you until I am a richer man; and that seems to me so far off, that I do not think I ought to keep you to this engagement, that appears all but hopeless."

Again Diana started up, her eyes full of defiance.

"Hopeless!—it is too late to think of that now. Why is it more hopeless than it was a few weeks since? Have you or I grown poorer?"

"I have grown wiser," answered John Carteret.

It was an enigmatical answer, and Diana felt it to be so. Perhaps Jasper Seaton was right, and John Carteret did not really care for her. She hesitated a little before she spoke again; and then, still thinking of Jasper's words, she said—

"You have repeated?"

"I have—but not according to your interpretation. I ought never to have asked for your love, Diana."

"What else could you have done, John?" she inquired, naively.

"That is the difficulty," he replied. "I did what I ought not to have done; and it makes it all the harder to do what I ought to do—which is—"

But Diana stopped him.

"Which do you think it is right to do, John—to keep your promise, or to break it?"

But the question was more perplexing than it had seemed to John Carteret during his conversation with Mr. Seaton. True, his duty seemed very clear to him, seen in the light of the rays that Mr. Seaton threw over the points as they appeared. Now he wavered.

"Send I tell you what your thoughts are?" asked Diana. And without giving him time to reply, she went on—"Your thoughts are all wrong, and full of pride, John—if you will only look deep enough. I thought you were quite perfect, and that no fault could be found with you; but I was mistaken. There is a phase of the old original sin lurking within you—one which is, perhaps, almost the greatest cause of misery and wrongdoing in the world; and that is pride. And if you will examine into your heart, you will see that it is the root of your present honorable feelings."

"Di!"

"Hush! You must not be too proud to learn from me, though I am an inferior. To satisfy your pride, you are willing to make me miserable, and yourself miserable too—that is, if you do care about me, John. Hush!" she said again, as he was about to interrupt her, "and hear what I have to say. You have no right to set our engagement. It is a matter over which you have not entire control. I will not be released from it, excepting on one condition. I do not care for riches, for comfort, for waiting—even if I waited till your hair was white as snow, and the day of our marriage was our last day upon earth. All these things would not move me. There is only one reason for which I will agree with you that it is honorable to put an end to our engagement."

"And that—"

"Is, that you have mistaken your own feelings, and that you have come to care for me."

"That will never be," said John Carteret, very firmly.

And after all he had reasoned out so excellently, so eloquently with Jasper Seaton, John Carteret felt himself but a weak mortal. But then, he had not heard Diana's arguments.

"Di," said John Carteret, after a pause, "can you trust me?"

"Yes. What do you mean?"

"Are you strong enough to believe in me, in spite of all the ways men go against me?"

"Yes," she answered, looking up at him, and wondering what he expected of her.

"Di, I told Mr. Seaton that I would not claim your promise to be my wife until you came of age, and could choose legally for yourself. As I refused the sum he offered to settle upon you, it was only right that I should engage to do this; and from this promise I cannot draw back. Much may come in three long years—sorrow, trial, doubt, and disappointment. It almost seems as though I ought not to ask you to bear so great a burden—at any rate, that you ought to think it well over before you undertake it."

"It requires no thought," returned Diana, softly. "Three years will go by like a flowing river. What are you dreaming of, John? Have you been distrusting me of late? Are you growing tired of me; and do you think I am as unstable as the wind, and only a spoiled child?"

And her eyes looked straight into his, and the look that met her brought up, all at once, the remembrance of the first time she had seen him, and of the sermon to which she had listened so attentively; and the words of the text floated round her, "On that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest."

She had been nearer rest since she had known John Carteret; and through him, in the end, she would find it. She knew not how, but she knew that it would be so; and she was content to wait, to trust, to hope. He was her strong rock, her castle. Whether she should turn?

"John, I would keep my promise for a thousand years."

And what could John Carteret urge in answer?

BESSIE'S NAP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY M. A. HAMMOND.

Bessie Bartlett was a roly-poly little body, plump as a partridge, with large blue eyes and curly, yellow hair; she was tolerably bright, and could make herself agreeable, but she had one failing, an overpowering propensity for going to sleep. She could curl herself up like a lazy little poodle and sink into slumber at any hour in the day, though her favorite time was in the evening, when, undisturbed by visitors. But this fatal tendency to sleep lost her a "chance," and a very good chance, too.

A gentleman of unexceptionable morals, manners and means had been introduced to Bessie. It is true her heart did not become much interested in this desirable specimen, but she was a prudent young woman, with a keen eye to substantial comforts; and though she thought love well enough in its way, she did not by any means consider it was to have matters arranged entirely in its own favor. If one could have love and some important items also, it was right and well to have it; but love without the items was nonsense indeed. So you see Miss Bessie's slumbers did not at all blunt her sharpness. She was careful not to give her friends the benefit of her wisdom on this subject, being shrewd enough to see that people—particularly young men—are not usually charmed by such evidence of "old heads on young shoulders."

So when love was talked of she merely smiled sweetly, gave a shy glance, and then let the white fire fall over her blue eyes; that little maneuver giving her an innocent look that was really quite captivating.

When Mr. Felix Hamilton first became known to Bessie, she decided quietly that it all probably she would never again have as good an "opportunity," and the best thing she could do would be to improve it; so to begin improving she steadily set herself, and began diligently to study and honor the lessons of the object of her matrimonial designs.

Mr. Hamilton had lately returned from Europe, and greatly did he delight in discussing upon his travels; he found no one who listened with the attentive attention to his narratives that Bessie bestowed upon them; he could talk exultingly well as far as mere details went, but there was not the slightest morsel of flavor in his descriptions, and therefore his poor listener found them dull. Still she persevered, smiling at the right moment, and making the very phrases of interest—just when he was the proudest, too; but that was the time when it was necessary to exert herself the most, and cunning Miss Bessie knew it. She always consoled herself by thinking that after they were married she could take comfortable naps while he dined on.

And have a right nice time to moon in, too, without bothering myself to listen to all this nonsense," thought cool-headed, cool-headed Bessie.

The gentleman, on his side, looked on Miss Bartlett as a young lady of taste and character; he held a mutual friend, who reported his opinion to the delighted Bessie, that he thought her exceedingly agreeable, and possessed of much intellectual distinction, by which it is easy to see that the fair student had applied herself to the matter in hand in a highly self-satisfied manner.

Affairs continued to progress favorably; Mr. Hamilton made the proper amount of calls, and then commenced the spending of evenings at regular intervals; as Bessie generally knew the nights he would be there, she never failed to fortify herself by sleeping all the afternoon, thereby enabling herself to endure the wearisomeness of the evening with the best grace in the world. But the catastrophe came at last.

One dainty stormy night, when the proxy visitor had been there the evening before, Bessie kept awake until nine o'clock, and then coming to the conclusion that there could be no danger of interrupting her from any quarter, determined to indulge in a delightful nap. She drew up a large arm-chair before the open coal fire—Bessie lived with an old uncle who scored "registers"—and put her feet on the high, old-fashioned grate-pan; but she was not warm enough yet—open fires impart more heat to the face than the back—and she loved endearing warmth like a cat; she remembered that in a certain closet, and at the staircase, hung a neglected overcoat of her uncle's, and with a last sight of relief at having something near at hand, she went in search of it. It was rather dusty and ancient, but she gave it a shake, and returning to her easy chair, seated herself with the coat around her, and her feet in their former position; taking a survey of them she was seized with the idea that she would be more comfortable if her boots were unlaced, and that she might as well go through the little operation now as at bedtime. After that arrangement she laid her head back, and closed her eyes, and then, as the coat was slowly around her shoulders and settled herself; she mistook the coat for a cat, and as she had ever been in her life.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Felix Hamilton was advancing with all due speed towards the abode of the fair sleeper. The night before he had been speaking to her of an especially fine view which he had seen in Italy, during which account Bessie had greatly clasped her hands and wished with modest fervor she could behold it, though she added, she could almost see it, from his vivid description. That afternoon the vivid description called at a friend's house, and in looking over a portfolio of engravings came across the identical view. Animated with a desire to show it to the admiring and appreciative Bessie—who did not care an iota for scenery—he borrowed it for a day, and carrying it off in triumph, waited impatiently for the evening; but just as he was about to set off with his prize, he was detained by a person calling on business; that desperate, he looked at his watch anxiously. It was late, but he had promised to return the engraving the next day, so despite the hour, the wind, and the weather, he started out.

Bessie had been reposing long enough to be in the very depths of slumber, when Mr. Hamilton rang the bell; she didn't hear it; in fact, would not have heard the ringing of a dozen bells, and when the servant opened the parlor door to admit the visitor, she was blissfully unconscious still. Bessie's visitor and servant stood agape. The gentleman gazed in speechless consternation. Was this creature, huddled in a dingy-stained coat, with her feet in the air, exhibiting unlaced boots and dangling strings, the lovely girl he had spent the previous evening with?

The servant, shocked at the disreputable

appearance of the young lady, hastened to her side and endeavored to awaken her and withdraw the coat; the first result was a decided snore; the second, a cross grunt and a fierce clucking at the elegant wrap; Mr. Hamilton meanwhile interposing feeble entreaties that Miss Bartlett should not be disturbed; at last the servant, desperate between the two, gave a sound shake to the sleeping beauty that caused her to sit up and blink about her with a very tipsy look; unfortunately deep sleep imparted that expression to Bessie's countenance. After staring a moment she discovered her visitor, who was watching her with a horrified look that he vainly endeavored to turn into a smile. Bessie was too stupefied to recollect his name; she had only a sufficient glimmering of sense to understand it was some one she ought to know, and with a vague impression that she must be cordial, tumbled out of the chair, still holding the coat tightly around her, and seeing the hand of the reluctant visitor shook it vigorously, assuring him in a familiar manner that she was really glad to see him.

She presented a spectacle that was simply dreadful to the eyes of Mr. Hamilton, one of the most particular of men, she was so very much disarranged and at such total variance with all he admired in a woman.

To be sure, in a moment she recovered her wits—but also not her influence over the disenchanted Felix. With a face as red with confusion as it was before with sleep, she handed the coat to the servant, arranged her hair as well as she could, straightened her collar, and seating herself endeavored to put matters on the footing of the night before; but all to no purpose—the hesitating speech and wandering eyes of her companion showed his desire to terminate his stay as soon as possible; and when, after staring her the view at the reason of his late call, he bade her adieu, good-bye, poor Bessie saw plainly her "chance" in that quarter was gone.

A few days after Mr. Hamilton went away to spend some weeks with a relative; on his return he commenced paying assiduous attentions to a young lady the very opposite of his former friend, inasmuch as she severely slept a wink even at sitting hours for slumber, but spent half the night in gazing out of the window, or in reading the deepest kind of poetry; a waste of precious time that Miss Bartlett could never have been guilty of under any circumstances whatever.

In the first bitter pangs of failure Bessie nearly cried she would never go to sleep again except when securely tucked in bed; but suddenly abandoning that wild idea, she determined to console herself by taking as many naps as possible; a resolution certainly satisfactory to herself, if to no one else.

The Bride of Lammermoor.

When Scott gave to the world "The Bride of Lammermoor," (in 1819,) he contented himself with saying that the incidents on which it was founded had actually happened in a noble Scottish family, but he declined mentioning the real source whence he drew the story.

The following is an outline of the facts, so far as they can be gathered from history. Scott has laid the scene of them in East Lothian, in the east of Scotland, and located the seat of the Master of Ravenswood at "Wolf's Crag," a fictitious stronghold or fortress, in a pass through the mountains of Berwickshire into Lothian, near the sea. But in reality they occurred at Kirkcaldy, in Wigtonshire, in the west of Scotland, where was the estate of the Earl of Dunfermline, and also that of Dunbar of Baldoon. Lammermoor is a range of hills running through the shires of Haddington and Berwick to Oldham.

The Bride was always called by her family "The Bride of Baldoon." Her name was the Hon. Janet Dalrymple, eldest daughter of James, Viscount Stair, Lord President of the Court of Session, in the reign of William and Mary. Her mother, Margaret Ross, of Balcul, was a haughty, overbearing, unscrupulous, and ambitious woman, who was so much dominated over her husband and family, and a peevish over Janet. This young lady had secretly pledged her faith to Lord Rutherford, a man of good family, but who had been impoverished by the part he had taken in the religious and political troubles of the times. She was courted by David, eldest son of Sir David Dunbar, of Baldoon, and (according to Sir William Hamilton of Widdelaw) a nephew of Rutherford; and as his father was more wealthy than the latter, Lady Stair favored his advances and insisted on Janet's accepting him. The unhappy girl then threw herself upon his generosity, and informed him of her early attachment and solemn engagement to Rutherford—but he cruelly and ungenerously persisted in his suit, in spite of her aversion to him, and she was forced to marry him. Rutherford protested against it and insisted on having a private interview with her. This, however, Lady Stair prevented, and Janet, passive in her hands, returned him the iron plight at her command, and he left the room uttering imprecations on the mother. The marriage took place on the 24th of August, 1699. Great festivities were held in honor of it. In the midst of them the bride and bridegroom retired to their nuptial chamber, and shortly afterwards piercing shrieks were heard issuing from it. The bride's brothers rushed to the door of the chamber, forced it open, and found the bridegroom lying across the threshold dreadfully wounded and streaming with blood. The bride was discovered in the corner of the large chimney in her night-dress, doubled in gore, a raving lunatic. She survived this horrible scene a little more than a fortnight, and died on the 12th of September. Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but eternally prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he received them. He was killed by a fall from his horse on the 29th of March, 1699. Rutherford died about in 1690; he had left Scotland it was said, after the fatal night, and never returned. But Scott was ignorant of the tradition of the district, which was that Rutherford had, during the festivities, overcame himself in the nuptial chamber, and had attacked the bridegroom the moment he entered it, and wounded him. A window, which was found open, showed how Rutherford escaped into the garden and eluded pursuit. And this is probably the true story.

The intermarriage of two families in Lamer is remarkable. One consisting of four sons and one daughter, has married all of a neighbor's children, four daughters and a son.

Red ants are used to flavor Swedish brandy.

THE BREAKING OF A WEDDING-RING.
An article in Chambers's Journal on matrimonial superstition contains the following:

"The breaking of a wedding-ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of Notes and Queries found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said: 'I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding-ring the other day; and my sister, too, lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!' Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the schoolmaster will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated in our land."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.
The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 6000 head. The prices ranged from 40¢ to 50¢ per lb. The Corn Cattle from 30¢ to 40¢ per lb. The Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at from 10¢ to 15¢ per lb. The Hogs sold at from 10¢ to 15¢ per lb.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegant coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System, Headache, Constipation, Catarrhs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Disorders of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to afford a Positive Cure. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

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Relieves the most violent paroxysms in five minutes and effects a speedy cure. Price \$1 per bottle. Address, R. C. UPHAM, 100 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. may 15

UPHAMS' ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in five minutes and effects a speedy cure. Price \$1 per bottle. Address, R. C. UPHAM, 100 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. may 15

A Few Words to the Ladies.

Many ladies, particularly mothers nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, on arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devolves the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical power are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest complaint a weary task and a constant burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. HOSSETT'S STOMACH BITTERS, if resorted to at this period, will prove an unfailing remedy for this annoying complaint. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle. If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only will lassitude not be experienced, but many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use. july 14

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CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

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sends his "Family Physician," 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare. Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may 15

All Women are not Beautiful, but all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagen's Magnolia Balm. Instead of having a face covered with coarse Pimples, Bubbles, Moth-patches, Ac., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 35 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm use Lyon's Celebrated Katharine, the oldest, the best, and the most popular hair-curing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling out and turning gray. july 14

Interesting to Ladies.

I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for four or five years, and can testify to its usefulness in every department of family sewing. Recent improvements have been made in the machine with modern improvements, and an satisfied nothing can excel the Grover & Baker. Mrs. HENRY BROWN, Chester, Pa.

If you would have New Life, New Blood, and renewed vigor, use HENRY'S GRASS PILLS. Purify the blood and beautify the complexion by the use of HENRY'S GRASS PILLS. They are no cheap patent medicine, but thoroughly Pharmaceutical, and are not equalled by any English or French preparation.

4.

IN JUNE TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

In June time opulent of roses,
My kingly Philip came to me;
Blue-eyed he was, with beard of gold—
My love was princely grand to me.
Ah! beautiful was sky and earth and sea
When time my destiny bore down to me
With dew of affection glorified and tender,
Illumining my soul with wondrous splendour!
My love!—my Philip, O!—(Ah, me!)

In June time opulent of roses,
After the years had passed away,
We twain clasped closely willing hands,
And trusting, hoping, went our way.
Ah! beautiful was sky and earth and sea
When my own hero, Philip, dear to me,
With his of husband sealed his manhood's
vows,
And wealth of wifehood graced my maiden
brow.
My love!—my Philip, O!—(Ah! black-a-day!)

In June time opulent of roses,
Old cried the Northland's trampled heart.
A myriad banners fanned the air,
A myriad cheers for war did start
Old Penn from slumber 'mong the purple
hills,
Lulled by the cadenced trills of mellow-bills;
And as we fitted the soldier's haversack,
We sang aloud, for yet the tears kept back.
My love! my Philip, O!—(And oh! my
heart!)

In June time opulent of roses,
Philip who wooed me, called me wife,
Was now your father, little one,
Kissed me with sobbing kiss of life,
A glory in his gestures, in his eyes,
All love-illumined, deep as April skies;
And went to battle pains for me and you
Beneath the grand old banner of the blue.
My love, my Philip!—(Oh! my life!)

In June time opulent of roses,
In sombre hour of midnight, stillly,
Beneath the clouded moon he lay,
And on his breast a withered lily—
Ah! that the bright stars alone above
Watched o'er the dead! Afar were eyes of
love
Turned, looking to the South through long-
ing tears;
Were sighs that find not silence after years!
(O Philip! O my broken lily!)

In June time opulent of roses,
The grass in wind of midnight shivers;
The crimson blossom bud and blow,
Trailing beside the Southern rivers
All lily-laden, sweeping to the sea,
Whose morning rises up incessantly;
And wandering winds hush low their sighful
sound
Above his slumbers in the quiet ground.
(O Philip!—Oh! my broken lily!)

AND THEN?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY CLIO STANLEY.

"Florence, I am sure you wrong yourself!
You have a heart, and too late, perhaps, you
will find it out."

There was a mournful tenderness in Amy
Cherter's voice, which caused her sister to
look up hastily.

Amy, in her earnestness, had rested her
head lightly on her sister's arm, and a mist
of sadness veiled her beautiful blue eyes.

"Richard's love is not a common love, my
darling; nor is his honest preference to be
despised. Some other man may win you for
his wife, Florence, but not one will ever
love you so royally as Dick Pennoyer!"

"He loves me as other men woo, I suppose,
with sweet words and occasional caresses,
for which we must be grateful; and I
acknowledge the fact that I shall miss him
when he is gone. But—"

"Oh, Florence, you do love him, then!
Recall him before it is too late! He loves
you well enough to come even now at your
bidding."

"You did not let me finish my sentence,"
said Florence, with a smile. "If he should
wish, would he wear me? Not like a
jewel of which he might justly be proud;
not like a flower perfumed with its own rare
purple; but as some modest daisy whose
modesty is its only charm, and which must
be content to bloom unseen in the shadow
of his royal robes!"

"And what happier destiny than that,
dear sister? You will be enshrined in his
heart, and his love will make your life so
golden-full of glad days, so ripe with all
sweetness, that you will never miss the sorry
adulation of the careless crowd, or care for
the garlands they would wreath you!"

"I care very little for the purple robe, if
there be no brocade on it; nor for love, if it
come alone to the feast! No, Amy—your
sweet tea-log is useless—I shall marry Dick
Martindale."

Amy's lips quivered, as they always did
when her heart was in a tumult.

"Wag, Florence?"

"You want me to enumerate my reasons,
you dear little goose? Well, in the first
place he is rich, and I can have all my heart
desires in the way of luxurious surround-
ings; you know I am not like you, Amy,
and I could not endure the touch of a hand
soiled with the dust of machinery."

"But you have endured it!" ventured
Amy.

"Yes. But you don't understand the dif-
ference between a lover and a husband. The
one washes his hands and puts on perfumed
gloves before he ventures into your pres-
ence; the other could—well, come in his
shirt sleeves if he felt like it; and that
would do away with all the romance!"

"Florence! Dick Pennoyer would never
do that!"

"Literally, perhaps not. But there would
be a hundred ways in which I should know
that my husband was once a working-man."

Amy was silent, though her brave heart
throbbed with indignation.

"And then," continued Florence, "Mr.
Martindale is not only wealthy, but his con-
nections are good—such a family as I should
be proud to acknowledge; but Dick Pen-
noyer's relatives have actually worked in a mill,
and even more one of them does see twining
for old Mrs. Martindale! Very probably she
may do it for me when I am married."

"I will waste my breath on you no longer,
Florence, but the time will surely come
when you will regret this decision. You
may have fine jewels, fine dresses, fine car-
riages, and fine friends; and you may have

a heavy purse, yet not a light heart! When
you are tired of all the glitter and show,
what then?"

Was it only the wind that blew across her
face as Amy opened the door and peered out,
or was it a sudden hint from the unseen
world that lies about all of the dreamers
of a life without love. Years afterward Flo-
rence Martindale remembered the impres-
sion of that moment, and could have an-
swered the question. For she married Dick
Martindale as you have foreseen.

She became the mistress of his fine house,
and his many servants, yet not one among
them was so completely a slave as she.

Strangers looking in her beautiful face,
thought her a proud woman, and well con-
tented; only Amy studied her gravely, and
wonderingly feeling that she was often un-
happy in spite of the luxuries with which
she was surrounded.

For eight years she endured her bondage.
At the end of that time all the world knew
that it was a golden tie which had united
them, and not the dear love which binds in
one two married lives.

There was a terrible accident on the rail-
way—a single night of terror in which
despair of her husband's life, and a wild
hope of freedom were strangely mingled.
And then it was all over, and Florence Mar-
tindale was a widow.

It is terrible to be alone with a great grief
shut in from the light and warmth of the
pleasant social life to which one has grown
accustomed; to be haunted by the gray
phantom of a lost happiness which we know
can never return! yet I think it was more
dreadful for Florence Martindale, shut up
for three gloomy months with an accusing
conscience.

When the three months were ended, she
threw open the shutters of the great hall,
opened her door to merry company, and
appeared among her guests in the gay colors
which she used to wear, herself gayest
among the crowds which gathered to
welcome her return to their little world.

It was one night in early autumn, when
her house was full of company, that she
met Dick Pennoyer.

He had risen steadily in his chosen pro-
fession; had won well-deserved laurels from
his fellow-citizens, and had been in Wash-
ington two winters.

She had heard his name often, and her
heart thrilled tumultuously at the thought
that at length she was free, and could afford
to marry the man she had always loved.

The music was at its merriest and the
dance at its gayest, when Mr. Martindale
found an opportunity to leave the room,
and by a roundabout way reached the con-
servatory, where she was sure she had
caught a glimpse of Dick Pennoyer's hand-
some figure.

But some one was with him, and she
paused, undecided how to act. The second
person was a woman, who stood with one
little white hand on her companion's arm.
The rustle of her dress betrayed Mr. Mar-
tindale's presence, and turning suddenly,
Amy Chester stood revealed to her sister's
eyes.

"Amy! Is it you? I have been looking
for you everywhere. Some of your friends
are going and have asked for you."

Perhaps even then Amy had been holding
out to him a shadow of hope—his face was
so bright and glad—and if it were so, she
would give him an opportunity to ask the
question again, to which she had given such
a scornful answer nine years before.

"One moment, Amy," Dick Pennoyer said,
taking the little hand in his own. "You
must know, Mrs. Martindale, this dear little
woman has been making me a half-promise,
which only awaits your sisterly sanction to
seal it. I love her, and want her to be my
wife!"

For one moment, Mrs. Martindale forgot
herself. The earth seemed to reel under
her feet, and she caught at a flower-stand
to keep herself from falling.

"Florence, are you ill?" exclaimed Amy,
springing to her side. "Forgive me that I
did not notice it sooner."

"No, Amy," she said, while a crowd of
lonely anticipations swept over her, making
her shiver even in that warm, perfumed air.
"I am not ill—only faint. The room is so
close. If you will only go in and take my
place while I get a breath of fresh air, I
shall be well enough. And I congratulate
you both on the happy years before you."

They went in together into the warmth
and radiance, while Florence Martindale
stood alone under the light of the stars, dis-
appointed in the best hope of her life.

She never married again, and in the quiet,
lonely life she led for years afterward, many
a time the words which Amy had spoken to
her so long ago, came back with a sorrowful
meaning which she had learned too well to
understand.

Circumstantial Evidence.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

About twenty years ago there was a case
in one of the Eastern States where a man
was tried, convicted and executed for murder.
It was known that he slept with a
friend who had some money—several hun-
dred dollars—in bills which had been paid
him a few days before. In the night the
friend disappeared; there was blood on the
pillow and traces of it all the way from the
door to the river which ran near the house;
a bloody kerchief belonging to the suspected
man was found near the river, and the
marked money was in his possession. It
could not account for the others disappear-
ance, and turned both red and pale when
accused of the murder. Could any stronger
proof be needed? But after the execution
the missing man wrote to his parents an-
nouncing his safe arrival in California, and
as soon as he learned what had happened he
explained all the unfortunate circumstances.
He had determined to go to California, but
kept his intention a secret except from a
person in a neighboring town who was to
accompany him. Before starting on the night
of his disappearance he had exchanged
money with his bed-fellow because the bills
he held were not the kind he wished to
carry. He awoke in the night and found
himself bleeding at the nose; seizing a ker-
chief which lay on the table, he went to the
river to stop the blood. On his way there
he dropped the kerchief, and just as he was
returning to the house his intended com-
panion appeared and urged him to start at
once for the Pacific coast. Fearing to dis-
turb some one he did not resist in a mili-
tary, but proceeded with his friend who
furnished him with hat, coat and boots as
soon as they reached his residence. His bed-
fellow slept soundly and knew nothing of
his departure. The explanation was clear,
and established the innocence of the man
who had been convicted, but it could not re-
turn him to life.

MY WIFE.

BY MIGNONETTE.

I have not found her, but I know
That somewhere on the fruitful earth
The stars of love and joy have sung
Their welcome to her happy birth.

I have not found her, yet I know
How year by year the gentle days
Have led her up, through light and shade,
The lovely heights of woman ways.

I dream her eyes are softly dark,
But whether dark or heavenly blue,
I know the light within them is
My life's North Star—so bright and true!

I dream her mouth is sweetly proud,
But sweet since it waits for me;
And 'round her brow her brown hair lies,
In perfumed wavelets, light and free.

Of voice, and hand, and lightsome step,
The blitheful kisses of her mouth,
I dream—as one who, winter-bound,
Dreams—of the radiant South.

I have not found her; yet I shall,
Though fate seems coldly to defer;
She is my own, and I will keep
My life all pure and true for her.

KITTY'S STRATAGEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BERTIE BRUCK.

"Kitty Wells, have you taken leave of
your senses? Why can't you be reasonable
and be guided by them that know better
than you what's good for you?"

"Why mother, what would you have me
do? You can't expect me to marry that old
man, and live with him and that cross,
contrary old Hetty? And what would poor Joe
say if he should come home again, as you
know he may, mother?"

"If Joe Mallin is in the land of the livin',
he is some other woman's husband; and you
will never see him again. But I don't be-
lieve he is livin'; if he was we should have
heard something of him before this. And as
for that old man, as you call John Thorne,
what do you call an old man? Why he isn't
day over forty; don't I know his age? I
ought to, for many's the night-ride he took
me—and many a nice walk we used to have
to church and sing-school before I knowed
your father."

"Then it seems to me that if you are
old enough to be my mother, he is too old
for my husband," retorted Kitty, desper-
ately.

"Nonsense! Better be an 'old man's
darling than a young man's slave.' I don't
want you to be the life I've had, workin'
and toiling to help a young man make his
fortune; marry a fortune ready made, and
you can enjoy it before you get old.

Why John Thorne must be the richest man
in the township; he kin keep you a lady,
and you will hav' nuthin' to do but to look
after things a little."

"His sister Hetty will do that, and a
wife would not be allowed to have much to
do in the management of her own house."

"So much the better for you then; you
would hav' nuthin' at all to do but ride about
and enjoy yourself."

And busy, sobbing Mrs. Wells betook
herself to her bread-baking; while Kitty put
on her sun-bonnet, and taking up a small
basket went into the garden to gather cur-
rants for pies.

Kitty was the only child of a farmer in
one of the southern counties of Pennsyl-
vania—a farmer who had never "got along,"
with whom everything went wrong.

Poor Mrs. Wells had been obliged to work
harder than the Maryland slaves across the
border, and what wonder if she came to re-
gard money as the one great good of this
life, and a "managing" man as the crown-
ing glory of woman. What if the "manag-
ing" man did have few gray hairs sprinkled
among his black ones, or a few wrinkles on
his manly brow? All the better, for gray
hairs indicate wisdom, and wrinkles, care
and forethought. And when John Thorne
began to ask Kitty to accompany him to
camp-meetings and singin'-schools, and
drove up, radiant in blue coat and brass
buttons, in a buggy new and shining behind
a spanking pair of bays, Kitty's face was
scorched, and she was mentally set down for
John's wife.

She resisted all the more bravely, that she
believed her lover, Joe Mallin, would yet re-
turn from the wars and claim her. He had
enlisted in a regiment ordered to the far
South during the war; and though all the
other members had been accounted for as
killed, wounded, or returned, no account
had ever been obtained of poor Joe. Kitty
had been hoping against hope, and her
mother had long believed that he either
lived as unknown grave, or had married in
the South and settled there. This was her
biggest gain against Kitty's determination to
wait for him—and she always noted with
secret satisfaction, that Kitty had no answer
for it.

At last Kitty must decide. John Thorne,
little doubting the answer he should re-
ceive, as he believed so sensible a mother as

Kitty's could have none but a sensible daugh-
ter, put the question, one day, sitting in his
shining buggy, on a camp ground, a few
miles from her home.

"You know Kitty," said he, "you won't
hav' nuthin' to do but to get and see, and
ride about, as Hetty will 'tend to the kitchen
work. She says she don't want no young
girls about her, and that she'd rather you'd
just keep out of the kitchen and bakery, for
she knows what young girls is, and she'd
rather have their room than their company."

"But, Mr. Thorne," faltered Kitty, "I
have not yet accepted you. Indeed, in-
deed—"

"Don't be in no hurry," interrupted John,
complacently; "I'm willin' to give you time
to think about it, but when corn-buskin's
over I will have time to git married, and I
guess you kin make up your mind by that
time."

Kitty had one hope left, that her mother
would not know that John had "spoken,"
and therefore could not urge her until he
had. But that need broke under her, for
John, before leaving that evening, intimated
to Mrs. Wells that.

"Kitty knowed his mind, and he would
like to know hers as soon as she could let
him."

And thereupon began a course of urging
and argument that almost drove Kitty fran-
tic, and made her wish herself anywhere
but on the dear old farm that had been her
home all her life.

John came regularly once a week, usually
Saturday evenings, and Mrs. Wells as regu-
larly lit the lamp in the front room, and
sent Kitty in, and asked her, after his de-
parture, whether she had given him an
answer. And Kitty always said,

"Not yet, mother."

But this could not last forever, and John,
as well as Mrs. Wells, became impatient.

One evening when John was there, Kitty
was knitting a yarn stocking for the Sol-
diers' Aid Society. She worked in silence,
only broken by the click of her needles in
and out of the blue mesh. John's great
gray eyes had been fastidiously watching
Kitty's deft little fingers, and at last he
broke out with,

"Kitty, when are you goin' to let me
know your mind about that matter I spoke
't'bout at camp meetin'?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Thorne," said
Kitty, "you said I need not hurry, and I
have not thought much about it; there's
time enough yet, isn't there?"

"Well, it's 'most time I knowed what
you're goin' to do, for, you see, corn-buskin'
'll soon be over, and I calculated to be mar-
ried soon after that."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Thorne,"
said Kitty, "when this stocking is finished
I'll give you my answer. Will that suit you?"

"How long do you calculate it will take
you to finish it?" asked Mr. Thorne, with
characteristic caution.

"Oh not long; see, it is nearly half done
already."

"Well, I s'pose I must be satisfied with
that, though I don't like to be in uncertainty
so long."

"Oh, that won't be long now; as soon as
ever it is finished you shall know."

And Mr. Thorne went away, better pleased
than he would permit her to see, for it was
one of his "managing" ways in all sorts of
haggains, that he should not seem too well
pleased with his share of it.

After this, Kitty seemed to knit as indus-
triously as ever, but somehow her stocking
made little progress; it was as unlucky as
her father's farming, and stitches would be
dropped, entailing the ripping of several
inches, or the kitten would get into it and
tangle up the yarn and needles to such an
extent that she was compelled to draw out
the latter and take up her stitches again,
and between it all, when Saturday night
came again, little had been done toward
finishing.

John had inquired very particularly of
the notable Hetty the length of time re-
quired to manufacture a stocking for him,
and upon her assurance that she could finish
one from top to toe in three days, with her
other work, he had stired himself in his
best Sunday suit, given his Hyperion locks
an extra twist, and furnished himself with
sundry oranges, pea-nuts, etc., to spend his
evening. As for her answer he had little fear;
there wasn't a girl in the neighborhood, he
knew, who wouldn't be glad to ride in that
shining buggy behind those bays and call
him her own. Kitty's apparent hesitation
did not trouble him; that was only womanly
artifice to enhance the value of her accep-
tance. Didn't he do the same thing when
he wished to make a good trade? and feign
indifference and depreciate his opponent's
property while affecting disinclination to
part with his own? He knew all about it;
Kitty was quite ready, only she must not be
urged too much.

Late in the afternoon Kitty dressed her-
self and seated herself upon the front
porch. She carried in her hand a little
basket that contained her knitting, but be-
fore she sat down she sat quietly and thought-
fully looking out upon the scene before her.
It was beautiful and peaceful, its peace con-
trasting pitifully with the disquiet in her
poor, torn heart. Divided between the wish
to please her mother, and her hope that she
should yet hear something of Joe that would
justify her in delaying a decision, she could
not bring herself to open the hated stocking
and begin her task, and at last biding over
she put her white face into the brown little
hands, and but sordid tears fell between
the fingers. She sat thus so long that a
spectator might have thought her irresolu-
ble. Suddenly she heard a step upon the
gravel walk, and was about to start, and fly
from the hated man, when her hands were
gently removed from her face, and she was
almost forced to raise her eyes. But those
were not John Thorne's pale blue eyes, nor
that his broad, stolid face! They were
brown eyes that she knew well, Joe Mallin's,
dear Joe's, and in a moment Kitty lay in
his arms, and with her head upon his shoulder,
sobbed and wept the happiest tears she
had ever known. But she was calm at last,
and sat quietly beside him, while he re-
counted to her his hair-breadth escapes, the
story of his wounds and subsequent illness,
his capture and imprisonment, his escape,
and his final success in getting across the
lines into a friendly country.

Mrs. Wells was in the kitchen at the back
of the house, and knew nothing of the new
arrival, but when she heard John Thorne's
bays drive up, she lit the lamp for the best
room, and bethel on upon the porch to
call Kitty in to receive her lover. Her
vision almost equalled her surprise, when
Kitty presented Joe, but she repressed it,
from old kindness of heart, and welcomed
the motherless young man, for his own
sake as well as for Kitty's.

But what was to be done with John
Thorne? He expected his answer to-night.

After a little consideration, Kitty took Joe's
arm and marched him into the parlor, and
there presented him to Mr. Thorne as her
lover. He was rather chagrined, but,
true to himself, he concealed his vexation
under an assumption of indifference, con-
gratulating Kitty upon the return of her
lover, and Joe upon getting one of the best
girls in the county for a wife.

And so Kitty's little stratagem ended.
And poor Mrs. Wells, though disappointed
at first, soon came to look upon Joe as one
of the best husbands and "managing" men
in the county.

The Drowned Boy.

"It was during the summer holidays of
1860," said Mr. Bowers, "I had a young
friend staying with me and my younger
brother Edward. His name was John Ray-
nor; and how he came by so much informa-
tion as he seemed to have I do not remem-
ber, but he troubled himself to inquire;
but my father, who liked John exceedingly,
said it was from his constant habit of ob-
servation. He was then fourteen, only two
years older than myself. One evening,
during the absence of my parents, we occu-
pied ourselves with assisting our old gar-
dener. The garden sloped down to a broad
river, which joined the sea at a few miles'
distance. I was not so busy but I looked
up every now and then to watch the beau-
tiful sunset that sparkled on the water, or the
passage of boats and country barges that
glided by at intervals. Suddenly I ob-
served, at a small distance, something float-
ing on the water.

"It is the body of a boy!" said John, and
in a moment swung off his jacket and threw
himself into the water. Fortunately he was
a good swimmer, and his courage never left
him. He swam with all his strength to-
ward the floating body, and seizing with one
hand the hair, with the other directed his
course back to the shore. We watched
eagerly, and the moment he came within
reach, assisted him in laying the body on a
grass-plot. My brother Edward recognized
him as the son of a water-carrier, exclaim-
ing, as he burst into tears:

"Poor woman, she will never see her boy
again!"

"John replied, in a hurried tone:

"She may, if we lose no time, and we
right means to recover him. Edward,
run quickly for a doctor; and, as you pass
the kitchen, tell Susan to have a bed
warmed."

"We had better hold him up by the
heels, or roll him on a barrel," said the gar-
dener, "to let the water run out of his
mouth."

"No, no, no," exclaimed John; "by so
doing we shall kill him, if he is not already
dead. We must handle him as gently as
possible."

"When the body had been carried into
the house, the gardeners urged John to place
the body near the kitchen fire; but after a
little persuasion, they yielded to John's en-
treary, and the body was rubbed dry, and
placed on its right side between two blan-
kets, on a mattress. The head was placed
on a pillow; four bottles were filled
with hot water, wrapped in flannels, and
placed at the arm-pits and feet, while the
body was constantly rubbed with hot flan-
nels. John then took the pillows, and
having blown out all the dust, directed me
to close the mouth and one nostril, while he,
by blowing in at the other, filled the chest
with air; he then laid aside the pillows,
and pressed the chest upwards to force the
air out. This was done from twenty to
thirty times in a minute, to imitate natural
breathing. All this time the windows and
doors were left wide open. Edward at
length returned without the doctor, he was
absent from home. The use of friction,
with warm flannel, and artificial breathing,
continued for one hour and a half, and no
signs of life appeared. John continued his
efforts. Another half hour passed, and to
the inexpressible delight of us all, the boy
opened his eyes and uttered a faint sigh."

What a good thing it was for the mother
of this poor boy that John Raynor once
read, on a framed printed paper, "Rules of
the Humane Society for Recovering Persons
Apparently Drowned." Better still, that he
had taken pains to remember them. Every
item that we can glean calculated to benefit
the distressed, should be treasured in
memory's garner for the hour of need.

Work.

No product of the vineyard, or field, or
the sea, however aided by inventive art, will
furnish a welcome repast to one who sits in
listless idleness on a downy cushion half
the day. It is by labor that man comprehends
the existence of Deity, and the beauty
and utility of His works—to adorn the earth
and bring forth its productive power, and to ex-
pand the human mind and body.

Every person in society should produce,
physically or mentally, as much for society
as he is required to receive from society for
its full enjoyment. No father can transmit to
his son the right of being useless to his fel-
low-creatures. The man who earns not his
bread, but eats that of idleness is, so far as
the original intention is concerned, leading
a life of doubtful morality. A moral and in-
tellectual being declines to lead a life of
uselessness; for, rich or poor, strong or
weak, every idle member of society is either
a knave or a fool.

Why, man of idleness, labor rocked you in
the cradle, and has nourished your pampered
life; without it the woven silks and wool
upon your back would be in the silk-worm's
nest, and the fleece in the shepherd's fold.

For the meanest thing that ministers to
human want, save the air of heaven, man is
indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's
wise ordination, is breathed with labor

SPEAK THOU THE TRUTH.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fawn,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant rhapsodies of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower steep;
Though thou shouldst see this heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream:
The storm must first be tried.

Where God has set his throne about,
Ory not, "The way is plain;"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,
Into thy spirit hush,
Is better than the whole half heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou the light, if conscience gleam,
But not thy blush down;
The smallest spark may send its beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safely bent,
Who creeps to ease from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every honest thought,
As if thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on; then beat the rock,
Thy foot on the sand;
The faint world-singer's rhapsodic shock
Shatters thine shifting stand.

Write each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see clearly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's True.

—DEAN ALFORD.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased by Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

CHAPTER XVII.

GUESTS AT BEECHURST DENE.

The handsomest guest-chamber that Beechurst Dene afforded, with a small cheerful sitting-room opening from it, had been assigned by the servants to Lady Lydia Clanswaring. The little roomed imposing in its size. The lady's wife was really of better family, and an heiress to boot, but she was only plain Mrs. Clanswaring; Lady Lydia was Lady Lydia, and received homage accordingly.

The Lady Lydia Clanswaring was the daughter of a poor and obscure Irish peer; she had absolutely not a shilling of her own in the world. Her father, Mr. Riley, had succeeded to the title suddenly. Perhaps it was the long fight with poverty previously to that, that had rendered her so sharp in worldly interests, so mean in petty details, so grasping in everything where money was concerned. Mr. Riley had never expected to come to the title; when he did so his daughters were grown up; until then, they had all led a scrambling sort of life, their time passed in one long strife, trying to make both ends meet; sometimes in a remote corner of Ireland, sometimes in a cheap continental town. After his succession, the Earl was not much better off, for the estate never worth much, had been impoverished until the income derived from it was of almost nominal value. One of Lydia Riley's sisters had married an officer in an Indian regiment. Lady Lydia went out to stay with them, and there met Sir Dene's son, Lieutenant Clanswaring. Stationed in a quiet place where there was but little society, they were thrown much together, and one day Lieutenant Clanswaring made her an offer; or at least, what she chose to consider one; and in point of fact, he said more than he could in honor retract. He was very sure she did not let him retract. He would have laughed it off, but found he could not. He had never meant it, he said to himself; it had been said in thoughtlessness, in the inattention of the moment; but he had to abide by it. How very many more men are there who have been caught in like manner! Mr. Clanswaring submitted to his fate with a good grace, and made no sign. Save for a word he let drop in Gander's hearing one night that he came to his father's rather shaky from the mess dinner, he never let it be known that the Lady Lydia was not his best choice. He was but a boy, barely of age; she was three or four years older in years, and half a century in depth. So they were married; and until now had lived together in India. Lady Lydia had had time to get heartily sick and tired of an Indian life, and of making the best of a narrow income. Sir Dene did not allow much to his youngest son; at the same age he, himself, had been obliged to make his pay suffice; and he thought it no hardship for his son to do it. Weary of it altogether, Lady Lydia determined to have a change. She told her husband that the time had come when it was necessary the children should go home, both for their health's sake and that their education should be entered upon. Captain Clanswaring agreed. He was tired of it, too; tired of his wife's fretfulness, and of the troublesome and noisy children. He wrote to his father, asking him to receive them for a time, until suitable schools could be fixed on; and Sir Dene acquiesced with pleasure. On this, the first night of their arrival, Lady Lydia told Sir Dene she should remain about a year in Europe visiting different friends in England and Ireland; and then return to her husband. In her private heart she cherished a very different plan—never to go back at all, but to establish her footing and her home at Beechurst Dene. And if there was one woman more capable than most other women of carrying out her schemes persistently and bringing it to bear that woman was the Lady Lydia Clanswaring.

All the way home, amidst the many months' discomfort of the sailing ship—there were no feet steaming in those days—had she been nursing her eggs and reckoning her chickens. "Sir Dene has neither bit nor kiln; he has no grandchild to make much of," she would repeat to herself, "for John Clanswaring and his wife do not go near Beechurst Dene. The field lies open and clear for me. I will be the place's mistress; my children will be their grandfather's indulged pets and playthings."

But Lady Lydia, to her intense astonishment, found that Sir Dene and a grandchild near him, located in his home, allowed to climb his knee at will, altogether made as much of her as she had intended her own children should be. More especially had she cherished this intention for her elder son. He was beloved by her in that inordinate degree that mothers do sometimes love their children. It is said that like clings to like. Certain it was, this young Jarvis Clanswaring was remarkably like his mother, in person as in temper. He had the same pale, sharp face, the keen, restless black eyes, with the sly look in them; in disposition he had the same crafty depth, and the secretive, unpleasant temper. The younger one, Otto, was a dull plodding boy, worth ten of his brother—who put upon him always. From the moment Lady Lydia Clanswaring saw the child, Tom, on Sir Dene's knee, she resolved that he should lose him feeling there if clever manœuvring could accomplish it.

She stood at the window of her bed-room the following morning, looking out on the early sun. Lady Lydia was by far too restless-natured a woman to lie in bed late, even on the day following a tiring journey; she liked to be up and doing. She had just wound her coal-black hair in coils round her head, and was dressing all but her gown. The day panorama of scenery lay beyond, with its green fields, its woods, its gleams of water, and its sparkling of dwellings; Harriet Lane, the little village where she had her fair city of Worcester more distant; all pleasant things to look upon under the blue sky of the autumn morning. But to Lady Lydia they were as nothing. She looked with curious eyes at the park beneath; at the lodge at the end of the avenue; at what-soever pertained to Beechurst Dene. "A grand old place," she repeated to herself, "and I'll reign here, it's mine."

The door opened, and she turned sharply round. It was Doret, the maid: she had reddish hair, and eyes of fine green, and wore a buff gingham gown with white frills, and was just as crafty as her mistress. Lady Lydia had lost no time. On the previous evening when she went up-stairs to take off her things before supper, the vision of the fair child in his crimson velvet dress clouding her mind, she called Doret, and charged her to find out all particulars attending the boy—how he came to be there at all, and why Doret liked nothing better than to ferret out secrets for herself or her mistress: to do her justice, she was in that respect a faithful servant.

"Well, Doret," began Lady Lydia, "have you got any of the circumstances?"

"I flatter myself that I have obtained a few, my lady," mused Doret, who was as full of conceit and affection as any fine dame of the day could be. "It was quite an error of judgment to have allowed the child to come here at all."

"The mother was a frightfully low person, I know."

"Oh, frightful low, my lady. They live at a farm near; quiet working people; an inferior set altogether. The girl was pretty, and Mr. Geoffrey was drawn in to marry her one day when Sir Dene was safe away in London. A fine uproar there was over it. Sir Dene posted down from London with Mr. Clanswaring, and a suit posted over in her carriage from somewhere nearer. They turned Mr. Geoffrey out of the house; kicked him out, I believe, my lady; and he went off to lodge with the girl. Sir Dene released a little later, and let him live in a cottage on the estate and made him his servant as a bailiff. The girl died when the child was born, and the day after she was interred, Mr. Geoffrey came home here again (like his impudence, it seems to me, my lady) and brought the infant with him wrapped up in a shawl. And here the infant have been ever since."

Doret had got her tale tolerably correct, you see. Fortune favored her. An under-housed, Patsy, who was under orders to leave—through a quarrel with Susan Cole, in which Susan's part had been taken; and here not, and in consequence of which Susan was just now worse to her than poison—had fallen in Doret's way. In the woman's sore feeling she had put the worst coloring on the past, as connected with Geoffrey Clanswaring and his wife, simply because Susan had been their servant. Revenge makes the best of us just.

"The girl's people live near, do they?" remarked Lady Lydia, when she had listened to what Doret had to say.

"Quite close, my lady. It's a farm-house, right opposite the back gates here, just across the lane. The little child is running there everlastingly."

"Then why is it that the child cannot be with them altogether?" was Lady Lydia's indignant rejoinder.

"Why indeed, my lady?"

Lady Lydia said nothing further. Perhaps she thought all the more. The little low-born child, this interior should certainly lose his footing at Beechurst Dene and be got out of it, she fully resolved. But she knew that she must proceed to work cautiously: feel her way, as it were. Very smooth and smiling was her face as she went down to breakfast.

"Will you allow me to preside, Sir Dene?" she asked, when her children were seated.

"I'm sure I wish you would—if you don't mind taking the trouble," heartily replied Sir Dene—who, aware to exertion himself, as many who have lived in India are, had been about to tell Gander to stop and pour out the coffee. So Lady Lydia took her place at the table's head—and kept it for the future.

In came Susan Cole. "Is Master Tom to take his breakfast here this morning, Sir Dene?"

"What d'ye say?" cried Sir Dene, who had not caught the words, as he turned his head to the speaker.

"Master Tom is wanting to have his breakfast with you, Sir Dene. He knows, you see, sir, that the other children are here."

"To be sure; let him come by all means," was Sir Dene's answer.

And the lady, busy with the coffee-cups, did not like the glad and ready voice it was spoken in.

So Tom came. In a cotton frock this morning, with his clean, round brown Highland braid over it. Susan placed his chair at Sir Dene's elbow, and put down his basin of bread-and-milk.

"Go and say good-morning to your cousin, my pretty one," said Sir Dene. And my lady coughed a harsh and uncomfortable cough at the word "cousin." Tom held out his little hand to them in succession; and each shook it in silence, staring at the boy as if he were a wild Indian. The children had not brought much manners with them. Then Susan lifted him into his seat; and Sir Dene kissed him, and stroked his pretty hair.

It happened that Sir Dene had to go to Worcester that morning, to attend a public meeting. His phaeton came to the door at eleven o'clock. Lady Lydia stepped out to admire the fine horse.

"I want to go, ma," said Jarvis. "I shall go."

Lady Lydia appealed to Sir Dene with a sweet smile—

"You will take him, will you not, Sir Dene?"

"Can't to-day," replied Sir Dene. "Should not know what to do with him in Worcester."

The lady's face clouded—threatening signs of one of her ugly passions.

"Oh, do indulge him this once, Sir Dene," pleaded the mother. "All is strange to him here as yet, poor dear little fellow."

But Sir Dene was not one to do a thing against his will. On the whole he was not fond of children—Tom excepted—and very much disliked to be put to any personal trouble with them.

"Very sorry, Lady Lydia—but I am going in on business. The meeting may last for hours; it would hardly do for—what's the lad's name—Jarvis—to be left in the streets. The coachman can drive them all out tomorrow."

Sir Dene got in, taking the reins, the groom stepped up beside him, and away they went. Master Jarvis's first move was to hide himself behind the glass door of Sir Dene's study, and as if the door had been locked. The words, please, are Gander's, who was looking on. His next was to spring on his feet, furiously tear up a handful of gravel and fling it after the carriage.

"That's nice bringings up," cried Susan Cole, ironically in Gander's ear.

"Her bringings up!" retorted Gander, with a side nod in the direction of Lady Lydia. "Don't think she knows much about that. One can't expect nothing from a pig but to grack."

"You don't like her," remarked Susan. "No more don't I."

"I didn't like her in India—nor nobody else did; young Mr. Clanswaring in course excepted," added Gander, with a curious twist of the mouth. "And I don't like Doret neither—birds of a feather, they be. Doret had got her fox's nose inside my pantry this morning, whispering with Patsy: I'd like to know the reason why."

Lady Lydia, smarting under the rebuff Sir Dene had given her boy, who was idolized by her as no other human being ever could or would be in this world, retired to her room in dudgeon, where Doret proceeded to unpack, with Susan Cole to help. By-and-by, Lady Lydia put on her bonnet and shawl, and strolled out to the back entrance to look about her. Not a corner of the passages but she took it in with her observant eye; not a bush of shrubs outside, but she noted. Gander, coming to the door to shake a table-cloth, saw her with her nose flattened against the glass door of Sir Dene's parlor, peering in. With independent ease, Gander did not seem in a hurry to retreat again; he leisurely stood and shook and shook and stood.

"This seems to be quite a business-room, Gander," she remarked, stepping back. "What a quantity of papers he's about!"

"It is Sir Dene's business parlor, my lady."

His business parlor! What has Sir Dene Clanswaring got to do with business? There's a host of business to be transacted; a slight of matters to be done. I know this much, my lady: it's pretty high drives the master at times off his head. Dull, the balliff—it's one he took on after poor Mr. Geoffrey died—ain't it much good, as it seems to me, for folks come up here all the same a pesterful Sir Dene. Where do them two paths lead to, you ask, my lady: why the one straight afore us goes direct to Harbottle Lane; 'tother on our right, the great walk, 't take you round to the front of the house."

Lady Lydia, avoiding the private walk, chose the straight one before her, and arriving at the gates opening to Harbottle Lane. Remembering Doret's words, she looked out for the farm; but the opposite hedge was high and hid it. She took her way up the lane on an exploring tour, and reached in time the Trailing Indian.

Two children—dirty little ragamuffins upon whom the Lady Lydia did not vouchsafe to cast a second glance—stood near, blowing alternately at a whistle. The owner ran up to show it to her in his sociable nature.

"Isn't it nice? It's Emma's."

To Lady Lydia's unbounded astonishment, she recognized Tom. But Tom in unmitigated grief, so far as his clothes were concerned. In the busy state of the Dene that morning, and of Susan Cole, Tom, neglected and looked askance at by the Indian child, took the opportunity to run off, as usual, to Mrs. Owen. In the lane however, he was waylaid by Emma Gratch, and that young lady seduced him to stay and play with her. Companionship is sweet. Having tasted of it once, she was no doubt banking after it again, and had come off surreptitiously to find Tom. It is always the women, we are assured, who tempt the men. Running up to the Trailing Indian in search of the whistle, which she had not brought out, Tom fell down by the pond, and pestered himself with green mud. Emma, by way of consoling him, fed him with black berries, and—there he was, face, hands, hair, and pinafore, a picturesque compound of red, and green, and muddy discrepancy. Lady Lydia turned her outraged eyes on the other child. An unmistakable ragamuffin, she, of the lowest type: clothes coarse, shabby, torn; toes out of shoes, socks down at heel.

"Is that your sister?" demanded Lady Lydia, her eyes somewhat crossed.

"It's Emma," repeated Tom. "Grandpa said Susan was to buy me a whistle like this, but Susan has not got time to-day."

Every nerve within her revolted at the word "grandpa," as used, by this child, of Sir Dene.

"Where does 'Emma' live?" she asked.

"I lives there," burst forth the girl, with all her native stock, as she pointed to the Trailing Indian.

Lady Lydia cast her eyes on the inn, picked up her skirt, and walked on. "Low-lived little beast!" she exclaimed of Tom, not caring whether the road-side inn bore

much resemblance to him or none. "And it is this child of disgraceful connections who has been allowed to get a footing at Beechurst Dene!"

The high road, running crossways just beyond the Trailing Indian, did not seem to promise much of interest for Lady Lydia, and she turned back. The girl, Emma, had been called into the inn then, while she, and the door shut. Tom, left alone, ran along by the side of Lady Lydia, unconscious that he was doing wrong; did she not belong to the Dene?

"What do you mean by following me?" she stopped to ask. "Why don't you go home?"

"I'm going to grandma's," said Tom. "It's down here. Mary Barber will wash me."

He spoke timidly. The angry face had a look in it that frightened him. Children have a nervous instinct, and Tom drew behind. At the turning of the lane he was suddenly dived before her, and into the arms of a young man who was advancing. A gentle-faced pleasant young man, who wore working clothes. It was William Owen.

"Oh, Tom! what a mess you are in!" he cried—and then took off his hat to Lady Lydia as she passed.

"Tom repeated that he was going to ask Mary Barber to 'wash' him. Mr. Owen put him down, and told him to make haste about it."

"Who was that?" Lady Lydia condensed to question of Tom, when he came on.

"It was Uncle William," said the child. "He gave me a little boat one day."

Lady Lydia looked her disdainful head. Uncle William—a common working class-hopper! And this objectionable child, with the low connections and the low tastes and companionships, was allowed to call Sir Dene Clanswaring his grandfather!

The child—the offspring of the morning condoned by Susan—appeared at dinner again in his costly velvet dress—only this time it was blue velvet instead of crimson. Susan Cole, in conjunction with Miss Reynolds, the noted mantua-maker on the Parade at Worcester, had been allowed to order attire for him after a pride of her own heart, unrebuked by her mother. It was with difficulty Lady Lydia kept her temper down to a decent show of tranquillity. She had seated her head on the table, as she had at breakfast sitting at the opposite end to Sir Dene. But the temper, bubbling up within her with strange ferocity, betrayed her into an intonation she was not of on guilty of—that of speaking at the wrong time.

After the children were gone to bed, and she had been in the great drawing-room a long while alone, Sir Dene came in from the dinner-table. It was the custom in those days for gentlemen to drink a great deal of wine; Sir Dene did not exceed as some did; but he liked a generous glass. To-day, however, the reason of his tardy sitting was, that, fatigued with his tiresome meeting in the city, he had dropped asleep at the table. Lady Lydia, nursing her rage all that while at the prospect of what she was pleased to term her children's wrongs in having found a supplanter in Sir Dene's affections, was just in prime order, and entered at once upon the battle. Very quietly, softly, craftily, and tenderly—just as though she were a sweet angel of consideration, and had no interests in the world at heart, save Sir Dene's and Tom's.

Tom's sad connections were hinted at; Tom's over low predilections; Tom's vagabond state out of doors—as witness how and with whom she had found him that day. For such a child Beechurst Dene was not a suitable home, she gently pointed out; and—would it not be better to send him to his grandmother Owen's?

"Send him to his grandmother Owen's?" repeated Sir Dene, when he had gathered what all this was driving at—and he spoke a little explosively, as it seemed to his wary listener. "Why what do you mean, my lady?"

"Even at the cost of having to pay a slight yearly sum for his maintenance. Dear Sir Dene, I only suggest it in the child's best interests."

"His interests can be taken better care of at Beechurst Dene than they would be elsewhere," said Sir Dene, "retained the baronet." "You must be dreaming, Lady Lydia."

"I fear, unfortunately, that I am rather wider awake in regard to this matter than you can be, Sir Dene," she said, with the sweetest smile her face could put on. "Were the child to remain here, he would grow up with notions ridiculously unsuited to his future position."

"And what do you fancy his future position will be?" retorted Sir Dene, his temper getting up again. "The child is my grandson, Lady Lydia; you don't suppose I shall turn him out in the world to follow the plough's tail, do you?"

"Oh, Sir Dene! the plough's tail!" she simpered.

"Well, Lady Lydia, what is it that you mean?" he asked.

And then, vexed in her turn, she said openly that the child ought never to have been at the Dene—ought to be sent from it with the least possible delay.

"Never, while I live and am master here," Lady Lydia was the firm answer.

"It is scarcely behaving fairly to your other sons, Sir Dene. To Mr. Clanswaring's well-born wife; to me. The young woman was so very obscure and low a person."

"She was one of the best and loveliest girls the world ever saw—I can tell you that, my lady," returned Sir Dene, in choler.

"But so very low, I say. Were her friends not able to bring her to the point of her child he should have been sent to the parish. It is really not seeming to have him here—and to make much of him as though he were a son of the house. Pardon me, dear Sir Dene, I am only speaking in all our interests, his included."

"Very likely you are, my lady; but as your notions and mine don't agree in this, the subject may be dropped. Geoffrey was my favorite son; and this little son of his has taken his place in my house."

Sir Dene rang the bell as he spoke—a loud peal that startled Gander. Susan Cole was wanted.

"What is this I hear?" thundered Sir Dene when she appeared. "That you suffer Master Clanswaring to run wild in the lanes and play with any vagabond child he may pick up? Take your better care of him in future, Susan Cole; or else you may cut your service short at the Dene."

And the Lady Lydia, smothering her fingers over her crimson handkerchief at the fire, found she had spoken somewhat too soon. Her rebellious heart rose up within her, and

had to be fiercely controlled to allow. "Master Clanswaring!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRIORITIZING THE PONY.

The June room were in bloom, shedding their perfume on the air, and the hot mid-summer sun lay on the smooth highway, on the plains sweet with the drying hay, on the ripening corn.

On a river a smoother and fairer road to look at than the one you have so often heard of, Dene Hollow. The lad on his pony galloping down it, Otto Clanswaring, must have expected a pleasant ride on its white and level surface. Running after the pony, as it turned out of the gate of Beechurst Dene, came Jarvis Clanswaring. And, standing with his back against the fence, was Tom. Time has grown older, and the boys have grown with it. Tom is nearly seven now, Otto also, Jarvis too.

There is not, except for this, much change in them. Jarvis is still and wiry as ever, with the same dark, sly eyes; Otto is rather fat, dark, and stolid; Tom has the same golden hair, the frank face, the kindly, thoughtful, rich blue eyes. The three boys are at school, but not at the same one; for Lady Lydia Clanswaring (putting it upon the score of difference in years) had successfully contrived that Tom should not contaminate the same establishment that her boys honored. They have some home for the midsummer holidays; and one time with the long morning spent in the hay-field. But that Jarvis is very extremely tired, and has besides some appointment connected with ferrets, he would have taken the pony for himself. It is one Sir Dene keeps for the boys' use when they are at home, and is called Whitestart from a white star on its forehead.

Tom is standing perfectly still against the fence, somewhere about the fence upon which had once stood the dwelling of the Widow Barker. His eyes are glued back on the lower rail, and so is in a brown study, watching the approach of the pony and its rider. Gander had told him he might go out on the pony that afternoon; but just as he was about to mount, the two other ones ordered him away, and took it themselves. Tom feels no resentment; only a little disappointment; it does not occur to him that he is ill-used, for he has become accustomed to give up his cousin in all things, just as a servant yields to his master.

Otto put the pony into a gentle canter, and came on; Jarvis was following slowly on the pathway. As the pony passed Tom, it swerved violently, as if startled, dashed off at a gallop and threw its rider. Jarvis rushed up in a fury.

"You young bound!" he cried, seizing on Tom's head and beginning to pummel it. "What did you frighten him for?"

"I didn't frighten him," said Tom. "You did, you warned him to go."

"I didn't, Jarvis; indeed I didn't," cried Tom.

Otto came back, rubbing his head and looking ruefully. His clothes and face and hair were all dust; his temple was grazed.

"Was it him did it, Jarvis?"

"Of course it was him, nasty little devil! He's always up to some mean trick."

"Oto, I didn't," persisted Tom. "I didn't do anything."

"I heard him give a kick, and I saw him kick his leg out and pitch a stone; and it frightened Whitestart."

Now this barefaced assertion of Master Jarvis was neither more nor less than a deliberate lie. He had all his mother's ingenuity of invention, and was never happier than when exercising it to the detriment of the suspected Tom. A scapegoat in the fullest sense of the term, he, and destined to be one, poor fellow! as you will find when you read on.

Otto looked from one to the other—on his brother's thrust-out face with its evil black eyes; on Tom's piteous one, with its running tears. Otto had this good quality—that if he knew a lie to be a lie he would never uphold it; no, not even for Jarvis. But Otto was by no means good-natured, he was too selfish to trouble himself to be so; and moreover he was being reared to despise Tom and put upon him.

"I never struck my leg or hand, and I didn't throw a stone," pleaded the lad earnestly. "It wasn't me, Oto."

Jarvis kicked, and pummelled, and pushed, and so crowded the words in pain. A man who had caught Whitestart, was leading him down. The damaged party entered the Dene gates. Lady Lydia, seeing it from her window, came flying out to learn what the matter might be, and heard of Tom's inquiries. Poor Tom's voice was like a little piping reed amidst the fierce ones of his accusers: even in self-defence he scarcely dared to lift it in the presence of Lady Lydia. She had long ago inspired him with an awe that he trembled at, but did not attempt to subdue or resist.

They had it out in the hall: Doret and some of the inferior servants looking on. Gander was not in the way; neither was Sir Dene. Lady Lydia was in a silent passion of rage; she, to do her justice, believed, in this instance, that Tom was guilty. When did she not believe him guilty of anything he might be accused of! Had Jarvis brought to her a story that Tom had drunk the Harbottle, she would have given ear to it.

Baby though he was, or but little removed from one, she hated him with a bitter hatred. The fear of Sir Dene had not let her entirely crush him; but she was doing her best towards it in a quiet way, always working on for it safely and silently.

"Wicked, crafty reptile!" cried Lady Lydia, her eyes ablaze with a flashing light. "Poor dear Oto, poor innocent boy, riding by without thought of treachery, must have his pony stolen and his life put in danger by you! Take him, Doret, and whip him. Whip him well!"

Doret seized on Tom by the hand to bear him off to punishment. It came pretty often, this chastisement, and Tom neither minded nor dared resist. On trying to resist once, the whipping had been redoubled: in Doret's hands, a strong woman, Tom was not only powerless, but conscious that he was. He submitted so quietly in a general way, that Doret was quite astounded at his breaking from her now.

It was only to run back to Oto. A sweeter disposition than heaven had implanted in this little orphan of Geoffrey Clanswaring's never was possessed by son of man. He could not bear, literally could not bear, that another should suffer through him. Lady Lydia had reiterated to him that he might have killed Oto; and the words struck sorely on the child.

Oto, I'm going with Doret to be whipped," he said, the tears streaming down his face, "but I didn't do it. Please don't think it was me, Oto."

There had been no latent thought in his mind that this further denial would prevent his punishment. Without a moment's hesitation he turned to Dene's captious head and was caught by it, his little legs running to keep up with her stride, his teeth chattering.

"Nonsense," said deliberate Otto, after giving a minute or two to ponder matters in his mind, "I'm not sure that it was him. He doesn't tell stories often."

Tom never told them. One of the chief characteristics of the boy was simple, innate truthfulness. He had learned to be silent and take as his due unmerited correction, but an untruth he had never told in his life. No one at the Dene believed that; even his master almost doubted. The fact was, Jarvis and Tom were on very often in opposite sides, the one's word against the other's—and Jarvis was both keen and crafty, with his mother to back him, and moreover had the advantage over Tom by three years, and generally contrived to make his own assertion appear good—that Tom was beginning to be looked upon by some of them as an audacious little story teller.

"I say it mightn't have been him, mamma," repeated Otto, a second time, fidgeting that he received no notice. Shall I go and tell Dene not to whip him?"

"No," sharply returned Lady Lydia. "He does not get whipped often enough, low-born brat!"

"But if he didn't frighten Whitestar?" persisted Otto: who was not without a sense of justice.

"Not frighten Whitestar! Did you not hear Master Clanwaring say he saw him? Hold your tongue, Otto."

Just as she had called her husband Captain Clanwaring and Major Clanwaring now, for he had got his promotion—so did she generally speak of her eldest son as "Master Clanwaring," even to his brother and sister. Otto to the servants was "Master Otto." Tom simply "Tom" when she condescended to name him at all; she generally spoke of him as "that boy."

Tom took his punishment with tears and sob; not loud but deep; if he had made much noise Dene would have treated him to a double portion. She kept an old thin leather slipper for the purpose, and whipped him soundly with that. Dene's expression was "warned him," and she did it kindly.

Lady Lydia Clanwaring's resolve to remain and rule at Beechhurst Dene had been admirably carried out. Very soon after her arrival, trouble sprang up with the servants. She, assuming full control and management of the household affairs by Sir Dene's will, introduced certain new rules and regulations, which the old servants rebelled against. Warfare was waged hotly. Blame lay on both sides. Lady Lydia was arbitrary and haughty; they, long accustomed to their own will, were disobedient and insolent. The result was, they left in a body; Lady Lydia dismissed them. All went, including the housekeeper and Susan Cole. My lady had tried in a cautious manner to get Gander out also and failed. Gander was perhaps a firmer fixture at Beechhurst Dene than she was. A new set of servants came in, engaged by my lady, and things went on peaceably. She made Dene's housekeeper, under herself; but Lady Lydia was the real manager. That she was a very good one, could not be denied; with fewer errors, there was a vast deal more of quiet order and less of outlay. Sir Dene felt the benefit of her rule; his pockets were saved, he had greater comfort; he was grateful accordingly, and learned to put trust in the Lady Lydia. As to her quitting the Dene, such a thing was never named. Sir Dene was glad to have her there, the house had wanted the controlling law of a mistress, and it left him at liberty to be absent as much as he chose, knowing that all was going on in due order at home. He was away more than ever, for he had grown to like a London life.

Of course these frequent absences of Sir Dene put absolute power into the hands of Lady Lydia. She ruled with despotism will. She was rather nearer to housekeeping matters at these times than the servants liked; they whispered one to another, that of the liberal sum allowed by Sir Dene, a good portion of it went into her own pocket. Which was true. Little Tom had hard times of it at these intervals. If it happened that Sir Dene was away during the Christmas or midsummer holidays, Tom felt the loss severely. Scarcely ever was he allowed to dine at the same table as his cousins, but was banished to Dene's room and took his meals there. The children, taking their cue naturally from their mother, had wholly despised him from the very day of their arrival; they did not look upon him as one of the same order as themselves, but as an inferior and dependent; and the feeling grew and grew. Even in the matter of dress, he was not as they were: the old clothes of Jarvis and Otto were mended up for him; what few new things had to be bought were of a coarse and poor description. Sir Dene failed to see it, or to detect the miserable influence at work. If he noticed that Tom looked less well dressed than the others, Lady Lydia would say Yes, because he spoils his things so. In truth, Tom's clothes often came to grief; but it was chiefly through Jarvis. Jarvis did not spare him; he boxed Tom, he tore his clothes, he sent him up trees and into ponds. Somehow or other Tom was always in trouble, and the house in a commotion on account of Tom's misdoings. Continual dropping will wear away a stone; and the complaints of Tom's sins were so continual, that Sir Dene, sick and tired of it, grew hard upon the boy himself. Where's Tom? sometimes the baronet would say, missing him from the rest; and then Jarvis or his mother would tell some bad tale of Tom, and my lady say she had banished him for punishment. Which meant either that he was consigned to Dene's society, or to his bed in the garret, or shut out of the house to roam about in the woods.

But, seated alone in the solitude of his own bay-windowed parlor, the baronet, weighing the matter in his mind, believed that the boy might have started of his own accord. For he had grown, even Sir Dene Clanwaring, had grown to dislike that spot for himself.

Never daring to maintain that he was wholly innocent, Tom, his eyes streaming, did what he was told, and begged Otto's pardon. The very fact of his doing it without any demur, convinced some of them that he was guilty. In a degree it did Sir Dene.

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"What's been the row this time?" familiarly demanded the butler.

"He has almost killed Master Otto," was the comprehensive answer of Dene, who was whisking away at some dinner with a whisk.

"Almost killed Master Otto!" repeated the startled Gander. "How on earth did he do that?"

"Master Otto was on the pony. He kicked out and shouted and started it on, malicious little wretch—and poor Master Otto was thrown."

"Why—what made him do it?"

"Did he do it?" said Gander.

"Did he do it?" said Gander.

"Well—look here, Mrs. Dene. There's always something or other being brought against the child—and I don't believe he is in fault one time out of ten. Now don't you fly out like that: keep your tongue for others. One of these days I shall be telling the master how the child's put upon. As to mischief, that he never was."

"Suppose you mind your own business, and leave other folk's alone," suggested Dene with composure.

"He's Mr. Geoffrey again all over, that child. He's got no malice against him, he hasn't."

Dene whisked away.

"The very moral of his father, he is," went on Gander, "save that he's a slight more timid and quiet—Mr. Geoffrey never was that. The child has got that from his mother. And a good thing too: else you'd have broken his spirit, afore this, among you."

The voice and step of Sir Dene in the passage outside, stopped Gander. The baronet had come in by the back entrance, and was walking straight to the housekeeper's room, a bunch of water lilies in his hand.

"Put them into water, Dene. Lady Lydia."

He caught sight of Tom at that moment, and stopped. The noise aroused the boy, and he stood up. Sir Dene saw something was wrong.

"He has nearly killed Master Otto, Sir Dene," spoke Dene, in explanation. "Leastways 'twas not his fault that he didn't. Little man, disreputable boy, as he is, I'm sure."

At that moment Tom did look tolerably disreputable. His face dirty with the rubbing and crying, his pretty hair rumpled into a tangled mass, his clothes dusty and untidy. Jarvis and Otto, hearing the entrance of Sir Dene, came trooping in, followed by Lady Lydia. And Sir Dene was made acquainted with Tom's iniquity.

"How came you to do such a thing?" demanded Sir Dene sternly. "You naughty, mischievous boy! Suppose you had killed him?"

"I didn't do it, grandpapa," replied the child, his blue eyes raised to Sir Dene's through their blinding tears. And those eyes, Geoffrey's over again, never failed to make their own way with Sir Dene.

"You did not do it?" he said, more gently. "Indeed, indeed I did not. I was by the fence and I never stirred."

Jarvis fiercely interposed. He had seen it all, he said: Seen the kick-out and the stone flung after Whitestar, and heard the hiss. As usual, it was word against word; Tom's feeble and fearful, Jarvis's bold and self-asserting. But for those earnest blue eyes that so brought back his dear son Geoffrey, Sir Dene had not hesitated. He looked from the one boy to the other—as Otto had done in Dene Hollow—and wavered. Sir Dene had his private reasons for thinking Jarvis might be mistaken. Mistaken, you understand; not wilfully false. The Lady Lydia did her best always in confidential moments to persuade Sir Dene that his eldest grandson (eldest in years) was an upright little gentleman, next door to an angel.

"What have you to say about it, Otto?" asked the baronet. "Did Tom do this thing, or did he not?"

"I couldn't see, grandpapa. I had my head turned the bank way: Tom was against the fence."

"Did you hear him his?"

"No, I was whispering."

"Or feel the stone?"

"No, and I didn't feel the stone. I think he must have flung the stone, else why should Whitestar have started? He'd not take fright for nothing."

Sir Dene did not feel so sure of that—remembering the particular spot it occurred in.

"You might have heard the hiss he gave," said down at Stuart Lect, protested Jarvis.

"You might have seen him fling the stone a mile off."

And then the talking nearly overpowered Sir Dene, and quite bewildered him. Lady Lydia said there could not be a doubt about it—Master Clanwaring had seen all this with his own eyes; and she furthermore said that Tom had done it in revenge, because Otto had taken the pony when he wanted it for himself. To have listened to her, Sir Dene might have thought that there never existed so wicked a little lad on earth, as this wail of his favorite son's. Nevertheless, he believed that the charge might have arisen from misapprehension, the pony not having been wilfully started. He knew also that boys, at the best, are carelessly mischievous, doing ill sometimes in very thoughtlessness.

"If I thought you had done this thing, maliciously, Tom, I should flog you myself—and that I have never done yet," he said.

"I can but believe that some act of yours, perhaps unintentional on your part, startled the pony. You beg Otto's pardon directly, sir; and tell him you will be more careful for the future."

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But, seated alone in the solitude of his own bay-windowed parlor, the baronet, weighing the matter in his mind, believed that the boy might have started of his own accord. For he had grown, even Sir Dene Clanwaring, had grown to dislike that spot for himself.

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Not that any shadow was ever seen there by human eyes, but the popular belief was that there did in some way exist at times that shadow, and horses were startled at it. Sir Dene thought it was the most ridiculously absurd notion a sane person had ever picked up; and as to doubt the reader is thinking the same. The fact, however, was undeniable—and I am recording nothing but the truth—that horse after horse had been startled there in a mysterious manner: mysterious because there was apparently nothing to startle them. Twice over Sir Dene had had the road examined by officers connected with what was called the post-roads duty, but any imperceptible roughness or ridge might be found to lie on it—but nothing of the kind could be discovered. Whenever Sir Dene drove or rode up or down it now, he held his horse very carefully in hand; for though he utterly scouted the superstitious gossip around, he could not count the fact that horses did come to grief there, frequently and unconsciously.

The last mishap is one to be noticed. A gentleman named Dickerson, living in Harts Lane, died; and his remains were to be taken to a small village church, lying out beyond the Tealing station. The funeral was being carried up Dene Hollow at the usual decorous pace, Harts Lane tolling solemnly, and Harts Lane having turned out to watch the progress. A funeral of the better class, involving a hearse and mourning coaches, with a black chariot in front for the person in the surplice, and sticks and mutes and fraters, was not an every-day sight in the rural district. As the hearse approached the ill-omened spot (the parson's chariot having passed on soberly) the four horses, with one accord, as it seemed, started to turn suddenly round. The driver, scandalized at their behavior, stopped it of course, and whipped them up. But no: the horses would not go on. And what precisely happened then, nobody could afterwards tell, for all was over in a moment. There was a noise, a bustle, confusion: undertakers' men on foot ran, drivers shouted: in the midst of it the hearse seemed to spring up on the bank with a violent jerk, which sent the door open and the coffin out end-ways.

Only think of the scandal to a sober funeral! Harts Lane remembers it to this day. What could have possessed the fat, steady, slow-going horses, hardly ever moving beyond a foot's pace—that they should have danced up the bank as if they were dancing a jig, and shown signs of fear until their coats ran wet again? It was never accounted for. It was, in truth, unaccountable. The funeral was going up-hill, you understand; not down. The astounded mourners got out of their coaches; the horses were scotched to quiver; and the attendants shut up the coffin in the hearse again.

Now this happened. It was talked of far and wide. Harts Lane would tell you of it to this day. Even Sir Dene Clanwaring could no more explain it than he could deny it. And since then a hazy sort of impression had floated in his mind that there must be something at the spot that did frighten horses, though man could not see it. Hence he believed that Otto's pony might have started without any help from little Tom or anybody else.

These thoughts in his mind, Sir Dene, sitting in his room, sent for the child. He held Tom before his knee while he talked to him. First of all, he gave him a lecture about lying, saying that his papa (Geoffrey) had never told any and would be sure to have whipped Tom for doing it, if he were living. "And I'm sure I cannot continue to love you," concluded Sir Dene.

With his little heart nearly breaking at the sense of the injustice that all seemed to deal out to him—with the tears welling up in his blue eyes—with the bitter robe impeding his utterance, Tom said again what he had said before; that he did not do anything to frighten the pony, or think of doing it. Sir Dene saw how earnestly the child spoke; he noted the glowing look of the honest blue eyes that shone upon him through their tears. Never had he felt inclined to believe Tom more than now; especially with those accidents to other horses filling his thoughts.

"I could believe you from my heart, Tom, and understand it into the bargain, but for Jarvis. He says he saw you purposely frighten Whitestar."

Between his extreme sensitiveness for other's feelings, his large generosity, and his innate timidity—which was increased tenfold by the shadow he was kept in, the slight he received—Tom was literally unable to say to Sir Dene that Jarvis told falsehoods. This was only one instance out of many where Jarvis had accused him without any manner of reason, and he had never said to Sir Dene, "It is Jarvis who tells the stories, not I." Another thing may have helped to deter him—the certainty that he should not be believed. Jarvis would make his own cause good, and Lady Lydia turn the tables on him with a vengeance.

"I didn't do it, grandpapa," was all he repeated, catching up his breath in pain.

"But you know you do tell stories, Tom."

"No I don't, grandpapa," sobbed the child.

"I should be afraid for God to hear me."

"Then Jarvis must have seen double-eyes so often, too," cried the baronet explosively—for somehow the answer carried truth with it. "Anyway, I believe you now. And there's a shilling for you, Tom."

But, as a rule, Sir Dene did not question the boy in private, and Jarvis got all the credit, be none. The wondering whether the pony had really been startled accountably—or unconsciously, after the fashion of the other horses—had caused Sir Dene to question now. It was the exception.

And it sometimes happened in the accusations brought against Tom, the tales told of him, that he would be partially in fault. In the escapades that all three of the children shared—and the girl Louisa, with them—Tom alone would be made out to have been to blame; he was always the scapegoat. If all were throwing stones and a window got broken—Tom was said to have done it; if the pigs were let out of the sty or the chickens out of their pen, it was Tom who had opened the door; when the miller's little boy was pushed into the stream and nearly drowned, Tom was the culprit. Tom knew that he had, himself, done nothing of all this; but he had been with those who had, and no defence existed for him.

"A he that is a lie can be met with and fought outright. But a lie that is part of a truth is a harder matter to fight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Bible:

Illustrated by Gustavus Conger.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FRUDGE.

Repeating the same.

"He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction," says the wise man; and many a precious life has been the forfeit paid for a presumptuous disregard of the timely warning. Such a caution seems, to one unacquainted with Oriental tyranny and its terrible results, both meaningless and unaccountable; but to a man born and reared under the blighting influence of eastern despotism, more to be deprecated than the deadly breath of the fabled Uvas of those sunny lands. Such words as those quoted above, are all too pregnant of meaning.

Under the Oriental governments of the present day, not less than in Bible lands and Bible days, it is as literally true that the ostentatious display of wealth on the exterior of a dwelling is sure to provoke the cupidity of those in power, that if even a little more than ordinary taste or skill is shown in the construction of an outside wall or gate, passer-by shake their heads ominously, and whisper to each other, "Better to bow the head under a low gate, than that the body be shortened by violence, to make room for it."—A. C., by taking off the head; or, "A beautiful home behind a mean gate is rather to be chosen than gates of ivory and pearl, that lead the way to a dungeon and the headman's block."

The better class of Oriental dwellings seldom from the street, the outside entrance leading only into a court, through which one passes, or perhaps through still another beyond the first, to the front of the main building, which ordinarily stands with the end or rear toward the street. By far the larger portion of the occupied and most costly section of the dwelling is thus concealed from view; and little insight can be obtained, from the street, as to the real character of the buildings or the probable rank and wealth of the owner, unless by the appearance of the gate.

Fully cognizant of this fact, and aware that the known possession of large wealth will be almost certain to expose its owner to such persecutions and exactions, on the part of government officials, as will compel him to disgorge half—perhaps all of his possessions in fines and bribes, in order to save even life itself—few Orientals have the temerity to make any lavish display of ornament on their gates. Thus, it is not unfrequently happens that the richest nabobs conceal their enormous wealth behind miserable, old, crumbling walls; and that the most gorgeous and luxurious dwellings are entered by a gate that would not, in our own land, be suffered to disgrace a barnyard or an outhouse.

The writer well remembers the uncounted old gate, with its rough-hewn timbers and rusty iron bars, that led to the magnificent palace of the late King of Siam, while he held the exalted position of heir-apparent to the throne of one of the wealthiest kingdoms of Asia. The gate seemed, to our Western eyes, far better suited to guard the entrance to a State's prison, than to grace the court that led to the regal abode into which we were ushered; where one stood upon floors of costly mosaic, and was dazzled at every step by perfume lamps suspended from lofty ceilings gorgeously inlaid with silver and pearl, that threw back in a thousand fantastic shapes the prismatic radiance—that flared and flickered in joyous salute to the wondering guests, and tell at last in piles of fleecy brightness upon the richly-carved furniture, mirrors and pictures innumerable, and vases and bijouterie rare and costly that hung and intermingled with fresh and fragrant flowers, decorated every niche of the most gorgeous saloons.

How strikingly in contrast with all this splendor was the miserably dilapidated gate that led to it! But even the reigning monarch was notoriously grasping in disposition, and his princely entertainer was too polite a statesman to argue for his own destruction by baiting with a costly gate. His wisdom saved him his wealth; and when he afterwards succeeded to the throne, he could afford to mortgage his taste for the beautiful without as well as within his palace.

Passing through the streets of almost any Oriental city, the tourist soon comes to a halt at the most beggarly description of strong enough to answer all purposes of security, but low, rough, and utterly guileless of paint or varnish; and sometimes so patched up of varied and incongruous materials as to excite the compassion of the unsophisticated foreigner for the squalid poverty he supposes lies hidden behind this unimpressive exterior; while in reality, the manner the gate, the greater in all probability is the wealth it conceals.

The poor man who has nothing to lose, may afford to spend his leisure hours or a trifle of his scanty earnings in decorating the garden or gate-way in front of his humble cottage; but the man who reckons as gold by tens or hundreds of thousands, dare not venture on so rash a proceeding. His love of the gorgeous and beautiful can be indulged only behind walls lofty enough to shut out curious eyes, and gates sufficiently mean and unadorned to deceive the most suspicious. But once beyond the reach of prying eyes, the Eastern monarch fairly revels in the gorgeous magnificence in which his very soul delights—spacious halls whose frescoed walls and lofty ceilings inlaid with mosaic of silver and pearl, recall the fabulous splendors of the abodes of giant and mermaid beneath the singing waves of old ocean—luxurious carpets and divans richly embroidered—relics of purest gold, and adornments of matchless beauty and variety; and here, with his costly vases and fragrant flowers—his glided harem, and beautiful damsels with their glorious Eastern eyes and forms of matchless symmetry and grace—he finds his world of enjoyment, unalloyed alike of the possible vicissitudes of this earthly life, and the vicissitudes of the next, that as a rational and immortal being, await him in the next.

Many an Oriental noble or nabob thus dodges away behind a ruinous exterior, occupies the cupidity of government officials, boarding him best, and dreams on through a life of luxury and effeminacy, sharing with none of his fellow men the countless benefits a beneficent Providence showers so thickly about his path, and dies at last "like the beasts that perish," equally uncaring and unprepared for, to leave his wealth to nobody.

Occasionally, however, a rich man, with the love of display that forms so striking a feature of Oriental character, either so far forgets the dangers that encompass his path, or thinks he has such ground for confidence,

that he may with impunity exalt his gate, making it the envy of those he deems less fortunate than himself; but when such recklessness is rewarded, the perpetrator rarely has long to wait before realizing that he has thus bought his own destruction. In an hour—perhaps when least expecting danger, he is whisked from the pinnacle of prosperity, his wealth all confiscated, his luxuries about decorated, his wives and children a prey to his destroyer, and even his life sacrificed upon the altar his own vanity has reared. Nor to compose the ruin of a marked man is it necessary that even a false accusation should be made against him—it is enough that he be known or suspected of having large possessions and well-filled coffers. Most Eastern governments are despotic; the monarch's will being the absolute law; and when he commands a life to be taken, none dare question his right, or seek to know wherein the doomed man has offended. It does, however, happen in rare instances, that when the life of a very popular favorite is taken, the sovereign, as an act of policy, proclaims the crime alleged against the victim; but the latter not being permitted to say anything in his own defense, derives no benefit from the proclamation.

A traveler in Turkey mentions that the only scented gate to a private residence he noticed, while in Bagdad, belonged to the house of a member of large wealth, and of so much influence in the city, that he felt quite safe in freely displaying his riches; but his tragical fate soon vindicated the wisdom of the inspired proverb: "He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction." One day, while riding through the streets, the owner of the costly gate was dragged from his horse and put to death on the spot, by order of the Pasha, who immediately took possession of the murdered man's estate, real and personal, as legal assessment for some alleged crime, that had never existed save in the very prolific brain and plastic credence of the royal robber.

Putting off a Passenger.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HURR THORNBURY.

The lightning express from Chicago to A—was thundering on its way, seven minutes behind time, but making it up by steady gain, with a prospect of reaching the next stopping station only a trifle later than usual. The magnificent engine, like a conscious and intelligent creature, was working its huge iron elbows with admirable energy, as if it knew something extra was required of it, and was willing to do its best. Over the shining track flew the heated train with a swiftness that was exhilarating to those it carried.

"Tickets," said the conductor, as he entered the rear car. The inevitable old lady was there, who had never been on a railway train more than two or three times before, and who didn't know where she wanted to go, but expected the conductor to tell her. She questioned that suffering official till he lost his temper, and told her sharply that he would carry her to Fuel's Paradise, where she evidently belonged.

"Ticket, sir," continued the conductor, passing on to the next passenger, a freshly-dressed young man, who looked as if he might have spent all his funds in purchasing the astounding amount of jewelry he displayed on different parts of his person.

"Yes, sir, when I find it."

"As you please," said the conductor, passing on to another individual, and clipping the extended ticket.

He shortly returned to the bejeweled "gent," looking at him with official sternness. The young man was still engaged in a fruitless search for his ticket, appearing to think it very strange that it could not be found.

"Your ticket, sir," repeated the impatient conductor.

"I must have lost it," said the young man, with an attempt at looking innocent.

